

THE PARIS GRAND!

MONDAY, MARCH 25

*** A SPECIAL SOCIETY EVENT. ***
MISS FLORENCE DAVIS,
 Supported by Mr. Elliott Dexter
 And an Exceptionally Strong Company in the Brilliant Comedy.

Under auspices of Richard Hawes Chapter, U. D. C., of Paris. Miss Davis is a niece of Jefferson Davis and a native Kentuckian. The Confederate Veterans will attend the performance in a body, as the guests of Miss Davis.
 PRICES: Dress Circle, \$1; Parquette, 75c; Balcony, 50c.

"THE PLAYER MAID."

SEEKING SUPPORT FROM
BIG GUNS IN WASHINGTON.Chairman Ernst Laying Plans To
Defeat The Democrats In The
Coming State Elections.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—"Kentucky in the Republican column," is the optimistic opinion of Richard P. Ernst, Chairman of the Republican State Committee of Kentucky. Mr. Ernst has been here for several days trying to enlist Mr. Roosevelt's support in the coming State elections. The Republicans of the Bluegrass State hold their convention on June 19th and from reports they have been bringing to the White House, it is evident that they believe strongly that success will perch on the Republican banners this fall. They seem to think that the enforced retirement of Senator Blackburn and the defeat of Senator McCleary by Governor Beekham have disrupted the Democratic party so badly in the State that its defeat is almost certain. There is an added reason why the Kentucky State Convention is being regarded here with intense interest. This is found in the fact that the Convention will be the first of its kind this year and that whatever action it may take toward endorsing the Republican candidate for President will go a long way toward shaping future policies, especially so since the leaders of the party in Kentucky have been in such close touch with President Roosevelt. Vice President Fairbanks, Secretary of War Taft, and other Presidential possibilities are focusing their entire attention on the coming political gathering.

Although Congress passed at the last session an appropriation bill carrying approximately \$87,000,000 for the improvement of the waterways of the country, the national sentiment in favor of rapidly and scientifically developing these channels of trade has grown so remarkably that a number of States have made specific appropriations to hasten the work. Word has just been received here that Oregon has appropriated \$300,000 to aid the Federal government in acquiring the locks and canals at Oregon City, with a view of making the Willamette River absolutely free to commerce. These Western States realize that money paid out in this way is a direct investment that will return immediate interest in the shape of reduced freight rates. In addition, every citizen shares in the benefit derived from this cheapened transportation, for it affects primarily the price of necessities of life. Grain growers are enabled to market their products at a much more reasonable rate, thus enabling the baker to increase the size of his loaf or decrease its cost. The same condition extends to all lines of production, and thus the initial benefits of reduced transportation tolls are multiplied, and effect all classes of people. At the Convention of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress held in this city in December, the state of Oregon sent ten delegates headed by Governor Chamberlain, to work with the organization to the end that the federal government should provide an annual appropriation of \$500,000,000 for the national work of development. This national organization is continuing its efforts along this line, and at the present time is seeking to increase its membership so that it may exert even greater influence with the Sixtieth Congress.

Former Senator Blackburn is to assume his duties as a member of the Isthmian Canal Commission about April 1st. He will not remain in Washington it is said, but will go immediately to the Isthmus where he will become thoroughly familiar with the work from personal observation and investigation. He had a long interview with Secretary Taft this week in which the two mapped out many plans and policies to be followed in the future work on the great undertaking.

All Washington, irrespective of politics or creed, has turned its eyes toward the White House, where Archie Roosevelt, third son of the President is seriously ill with diphtheria. At one time serious doubts of his recovery were entertained, but he rallied, and unless the unforeseen happens he will be up and about within a comparatively short time. As soon as he is able to travel it is expected that Mrs. Roosevelt will accompany the youthful invalid to Pine Knot, the President's Virginia home, although there is some question as to whether he will be taken there or to the Homestead Hotel at Hot Springs, farther up in the mountains of the State, where both can take advantage of the mineral baths. Mrs. Roosevelt has watched unceasingly at her son's bedside and is much run down in consequence.

Another stamp has been added to those already authorized in commemoration of the Jamestown Exposition. It is of a five-cent denomination and will bear a likeness of the head of Washington. Eight million of these

are to be issued to supply the demand for foreign postage. A vignette of Captain John Smith in green is to decorate the one-cent stamp, of which ten million are being printed, while the fourteen million issue of the two-cent stamps will have a descriptive scene, "The Founding of Jamestown," pictured in red.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Deserve Hero Medals.

Carnegie hero medals will be asked for Stephen Williams, the Scott county tobacco tenant, and his stepson, Joseph Kale, who, at the risk of their lives, saved S. E. Drake and R. D. Nichols from being drowned in Cane Run creek last Thursday. Williams and Kale went to Lexington Wednesday and had their photographs taken, which, with a report of their action, will be forwarded to John P. Cowan, of Pittsburgh, special agent for the Carnegie Hero Fund.

The Woman
Or the Car

By Elliot Walker

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Ladd, the proprietor of the Tamarack, shook his head with discouraging firmness. "No," he declared decidedly. "I accommodate people here, not automobiles. First, no shelter for the machine; second, I won't have one round since my dog was run over; third, there's no use of talking. Better go along."

In the sudden darkness of the summer twilight came a blinding flash, disclosing more clearly the occupants of the big touring car—the chauffeur, gesticulating angrily; two other scowling men, a woman and a child.

With a rush of wind the storm broke. A deafening thunderclap shook the earth. The rain, almost horizontal in the flying air, drove a deluge of great drops under the hastily arranged covers.

"I'm going to get out!" shrieked a small scared voice. "I want to be in a house! Mamma, come!"

A tall figure leaped from the piazza of the little hotel, shoved Ladd aside and held out a pair of shirt-sleeved arms.

"You shall, baby!" he shouted. "It's a confounded shame! You, too, mamma! Let the men take care of themselves. Hurry, or you'll be drenched!"

"Look out!" cried the mother sharply, for the child had jumped recklessly. "Thank you, sir. I feared she would fall. Yes, I think it is best. I'll be right in."

She fumbled for a bag, spoke rapidly to one of her companions and sprang from the step unassisted to run up the short path after the uncoated figure, striding swiftly, with the little girl clinging to his neck.

Ladd's loud voice came to her ears above the din.

"You're all welcome, I say. I'll bed and feed the crowd, but that pesky machine can't lodge at my place. No, gentis. Sorry, but I've sworn to pass 'em along."

"A fine specimen you are to run a hotel," scolded the man by the driver. "It's my house," retorted Ladd.

"Well, keep it and be hanged! I wouldn't put my head under such a roof. We'll be here in the morning, old curnudgeon. Take care of Mrs. Dixon. Push her along, Henri. Never mind speed limits."

A few rattles, a dozen snorting gasps and the car dashed away through the mud.

Mr. Ladd, bareheaded and dripping, gazed after it with a satisfied grin.

"Too bad to break up a party," he grunted. "This storm will last a good hour. They'll get a nice twenty mile trip to Jopworth, spitting soft dirt. Well, I've got two guests, anyhow, and tomorrow I make my third pick on old Hank's tombstone."

He chuckled his way into the barn.

Lois Dixon sat in the dining room, a small apartment largely given over to social usage other than the delights of the table. A high chair had been found for Dot, who was assaulting bread and milk. Seraph Ladd, corpulent and apologetic, talked from the adjacent kitchen.

"Oh, no, my dear," she was saying. "The Tamarack isn't much of a hotel. Folks stay here for meals, and we take in a few transients and occasionally a regular. The regulars are mostly men who come to fish and kill time. There are good trout in the tamarack swamp brook, but it's a pesky hole. That man you saw is a regular. He has been here a week."

"I can hardly say I saw him. Everything was done so quickly. I'm quite dry now, and so is Dot. Your husband doesn't appear to approve of automobiles," this last sentence with an aggrieved intonation.

"He doesn't!" exclaimed Mrs. Ladd rather warily. "Jason is good natured about most other things, but after our dog was knocked across the fence (poor old thing; he was only gnawing a bone in the road) Jason swore an oath never to let a car stop overnight again. So he boarded up the shed. My, the way some of these people whiz along a country road is fearful! Your supper is most ready, Mrs. Dixon. I take it you are a widow woman, because—"

"Yes, I've been widowed for five years," Lois interrupted. "We were simply taking a short pleasure drive. A slight accident delayed us for an hour, else we should be at home by this time. We were making for Jopworth, where I have a sister."

"I see," Mrs. Ladd began to place dishes. "I sort of wondered."

"A friend of mine and his brother, besides the chauffeur," explained Lois, blushing a trifle. "It did seem queer that I was left so unceremoniously to the care of strangers, but I can look out for myself, and I always go prepared for emergencies. Still I should have thought—"

"Oh, it's the machine every time," laughed the old woman. "Men seem to forget. What with their wrangling and hurry for cover, you and Dot were better out of it."

"Apparently," Mrs. Dixon's tone was sarcastic. "However, to let me come in unattended and to leave all explanation to me when he knew I was upset and trying to calm Dot?" She paused. Seraph was cying her shrilly.

"Considerate. I must say," observed the hostess. "Well, draw up and eat."

"Mercy! You have cooked enough for three!"

"It's not all for you, my dear. Our regular hasn't had his supper. He turned up only a few minutes before you did. I'll think the bell for him. You don't mind company, do you? He's a real nice man, but sort of quiet this trip. Acts sort of impatient and nervous, too, which isn't his usual way."

"I must ask you to introduce me, then. I'll be glad to thank him for helping us."

The bell rang softly in the hall. Lois, busying herself with her napkin and with Dot, did not glance at the entering figure.

Mrs. Ladd, impressed by the importance of the act of introduction, spoke up smartly.

"Nat, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Blakeley—I mean Mrs. Dixon. Mr. Blakeley, Mrs. Dixon. This is her little girl. Dear, dear! Wasn't it funny that I should have got you twisted?"

"Very funny," murmured Blakeley, bowing and making considerable noise with his chair. Lois dropped her napkin. Dot stared, smiling and nodding.

"Now I've embarrassed you!" cried Mrs. Ladd, retreating to the kitchen. "Gracious!" she exclaimed to herself. "Neither of them can find a word to say. I guess I'll shut this door or they may hear me giggle."

The silence was broken by Dot. "You've got whiskers," she remarked, with complacency. "That's why! Didn't you know me?"

"No," said the man thickly. "I hadn't my glasses on. I recognized no one. I put that wrap over your head, dumped you in a chair and called Mrs. Ladd. I didn't know you, dear!"

"And you've put on a coat," went on his inquisitor, surveying him affectionately. "I liked you better with just a mustache. It seems ever so long since you came to see mamma."

"Hush, Dot," said her mother softly. "But he used to bring me candy," persisted the child. "Mr. Barker doesn't like Mr. Blakeley best. Don't you?"

Lois' cheeks crimsoned.

minute. Be a good girl and run out to the kitchen for her."

Dot tiptoed to Blakeley's chair. "Good night," she said coily and put up her lips.

The man kissed her tenderly, with a great lump in his throat. He had hoped for many good night caresses from this little one, but that hope no longer existed. As she disappeared he gazed steadily at the woman opposite.

"Let us have it over, Lois," he blurted. "I heard the news a month ago. Believe me, my dear, I shall try to think only of your happiness. Barker will be a very happy man."

"Not with me, Nat."

"What! Do you mean?"

"I mean that I do not intend to become Mrs. Barker. I have not yet given him my answer. He will get it tomorrow when he returns with his automobile. You have been misinformed."

Her eyes shone into his as he strained forward, eager, transformed with a sudden joy.

"Lois!" he cried. "Oh, my love, tell me, is there a chance for—yes, yes, you are crying, dear!"

"My introduction wasn't so far wrong, after all, Jason!" beamed Seraph Ladd the next day. "I wonder what Mrs. Dixon thought when I called him 'Nat,' so familiar? She says she will be Mrs. Blakeley the next time I see her."

The Ownership of a Patent.

Suppose that a prior patent is infringed and no way is seen to avoid infringement by changing the product or the process or the machine so as not to embody the principle of a patented invention. The simplest way, of course, would be to buy the patent. If the patent cannot be bought, but a fraction of the patent can be obtained, no matter how small a fraction—say one-tenth of the entire right in the patent—the owner of the one-tenth would be just as well off as the owner of the nine-tenths. The courts have held that a patent is not like the capital stock of a corporation and that the owner of more than one-half of the title to the patent has no claim upon the owner of less than one-half. Each is at liberty to do with his portion what he pleases and cannot be made to account to the other. The owner of one-tenth may make ten times as much out of the patent as the owner of nine-tenths, because of his greater business ability or greater capital or for other similar reasons, and it would not be equitable to make him turn over nine-tenths of his profits to the other owner—Edwin J. Prindle in Engineering Magazine.

His Great Nose.

There was a certain excise-man in Shrewsbury who was very trim and neat in his attire, but who had a bottle nose of more than usual size. As he passed through the school lane the boys used to call him "Nosey," and this made him so angry that he complained to Dr. Butler, who sympathized and sent for the head boy, to whom he gave strict injunctions that the boys should not say "Nosey" any more. Next day, however, the excise-man reappeared, even more angry than before. It seems that not a boy had said "Nosey," but that as soon as he was seen coming the boys ranged themselves in two lines, through which he must pass, and all fixed their eyes intently upon his nose. Again Dr. Butler summoned the head boy and spoke more sharply. "You have no business," said he, "to annoy a man who is passing through the school on his lawful occupation. Don't look at him." But again the excise-man returned to Dr. Butler, furious with indignation, for this time, as soon as he was seen, every boy had covered his face with his hand until he had gone by.—"Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler."

Maybe She Is Not the Only One.



Banker's Daughter—The baron loves me. He proposed to me today. Her Friend—Then he loves you. But do you know whether he loves any one else?—Jugend.

Left Buried Treasure.

Henry Lane, colored, 114 years old, died Wednesday at Owingsville. Lane had lived on one farm nearly all his life. He had considerable property besides \$1,500, which he buried not long ago. The hiding place is unknown.

Eggs Wanted.

Highest price—cash or trade—paid for eggs. C. P. COOK & CO.

Average Yield Of Wheat.

The Department of Agriculture has announced that the average yield of wheat in the United States is 12 bushels per acre. This is the average product, but there are many acres yielding less than 12 bushels per acre as there are yielding more. The greater part of wheat in this country comes from the small farms, in spite of all that is said of the big wheat fields of the Dakotas.

THE CUMBERLAND
Telephone & Telegraph Co.

INCORPORATED.

Has issued the following Statement of its business for February, and the increase in the number of its subscribers is shown as follows:

Number Subscribers Feb. 1, 1907	166,127
Number added during month	4,615
Number discontinued	3,245
Net increase for month	1,370
Total number subscribers March 1, 1907	167,497

GEO. W. DAVIS,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND LICENSED EMBALMER
BOTH PHONES—DAY 137; NIGHT 299.

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Best Red Alsike and Alfalfa Clover.
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NEW SALOON!

The finest of Whiskies, Wines, eers, Cigars, Etc., can be found at the New Saloon, corner of Main and 10th Streets, lately purchased by

T. F. BRANNON.

Messrs. JOS. MULLANEY and PHIL DEIGNAN, the popular bartenders, are in charge of the place, and invite their friends to call.

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